The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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GET VILLA.

THE President's prompt order sending 8,000 United States troops over the Mexican border to kill or capture Villa and his brigands is satisfactory to this country.

How far it may be satisfactory to Carranza is a minor, more academic matter which can be discussed at leisure. Whatever efforts the Carranza Government may have made to suppress Villa, the fact remains that it did not suppress him. With the Columbus outrage the United States makes up its mind that not another American life shall be put in jeopardy by the fact that this outlaw remains at large.

Gen. Funston's punitive expedition into Mexico is not intervention. It does not mean the occupation of a foot of Mexican soil or imply the slightest disrespect for the de facto Mexican Government. It aims only to exterminate Villa and his gang. That job done, Gen. Funston will march his men home again.

With Villa out of the way the Mexican situation is bound to be greatly simplified. Villa has stood between the Carranza Government and an orderly Mexico. Villa has been the cause of most of the dissatisfaction manifested in this country toward the President's Mexican policy.

If Carranza cannot see that the immediate extermination of Villa by United States troops will give his Government the biggest boost it has had since it was recognized, then he hasn't common sense enough to be trusted at the head of it.

SQUARE ACCOUNTS.

BEYOND question the city should sue to recover the $210,000 paid in bonuses to President Shonts, Counsel Rogers and Auditor Gaynor of the Interborough and converted by adroit bookkeeping into a charge upon taxpayers.

When the subway contracts between the city and the Interborough were signed the transit company officials and financiers well knew the value of what they were getting. Thereafter the credit of a metropolis of 5,000,000 stood back of them with the patronage of the same public to pile up their dividends. "A principality," as the late Mayor Gaynor said to Lawyer Towns.

Men of civic spirit would have shown satisfaction in some other way than by handing one another fistfuls of cash to be paid eventually out of the municipal treasury. Mr. Shonts and his associates behaved according to their kind.

The city now owes them nothing. It owes itself a rigorous auditing of their accounts.

AMERICA FIRST.

THE war is getting in its work on the American housewife's budget. The extraordinary demand for meat in Europe has, during the last month, started a rise of prices in the meat markets of the city. Since Feb. 1 choice ribs of beef have advanced from two to three cents in Washington Market. Shoulder of lamb costs four cents more per pound, ham and pork are dearer by two cents. Only specialties like tripe, pigs' feet and oxtail remain unchanged in price.

Manager Goldsmith assured The Evening World that Washington Market had raised no prices until forced to do so. He also declared that the country's present supplies of meat are enormous.

Here is a tendency that needs watching lest it go too far. Copper and most of the common metals, chemicals and gasoline—all these commodities and others are costing the American consumer more money because Europe is buying them, destroying them and buying more. Are prices of meat and other foodstuffs presently to be fixed for American households on the basis of Europe's desperate and destructive demands?

Surely this nation should think twice before it allows either its abundant food or any other of its products to be placed beyond the reach of its own citizens.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A Harvard man has invented a machine for detecting liars, but nature beat him to it when she made a woman.—Macon News.

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The trouble about giving a man plenty of rope with which to hang himself is that he nearly always hangs somebody else at the same time.

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Call a thing a "cause," and you can get some persons to do hard work for it without pay, however useless it may be. On the other hand, there are workers for a "cause" who would quit if their salaries were stopped.—Albany Journal.

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Lots of people run a mile to catch a train and then stop to watch a dog fight long enough to miss it.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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The chief trouble with a single-track mind is the number of switches connected with it.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

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A man may be firm and resolute, but if a woman has the same trait it is called obstinacy and hardheadedness.

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When politicians "split" it is usually on the basis of fifty-fifty.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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The man who is always waiting for his ship to come in will probably find his shipment at the express office.—Macon News.

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The ideal husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday without being reminded to remember it.

* * *

Some wives want their husbands to forget all unpleasant things, and yet get mad if the husbands forget the wedding anniversaries.—Macon News.

Letters From the People

"Help for Horses."

To the Editor of The Evening World.

It is with much gratification that I read your recent editorials on "Help for Horses." The Evening World should receive a rising vote of thanks from all humanitarians for its persistent efforts to establish an ordinance requiring calks in winter. Such an ordinance should be passed, not only for humane reasons and as an economic business proposition to horse owners, but because it is closely allied to the traffic problems during stormy weather. When this question is settled, can nothing be done to abolish the old fashioned, tight feed bag? If such a contrivance must be used, there is one on the market which gives some ventilation and a degree of comfort to the horse. The S. P. C. A. last year distributed a combination feeding and watering pail, but many of the drivers were too lazy or indifferent to make use of it. Countless times on the street I have removed feed bags from horses or loosened and lowered them to give the poor animal a breathing space. I wonder how the drivers would enjoy eating their lunches under similar conditions? Much credit should be given to The Evening World for its efforts in behalf of the horse—man's best friend. "DON QUIXOTE."

Can It Be Done?

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Here is a problem I would like to have readers work out. A friend of mine claims that he can take the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and arrange 3 in a row, in three rows, so that, counted, they can add up to 1,000. I have tried every way I possibly could think of and can't get "1,000" for an answer. Can any one?

C. R.

Means Business!

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

— By Roy L. McCardell —

"I WISH you wouldn't lie down on that sofa!" said Mrs. Jarr, somewhat petulantly. "Much good it does me the few times you do stay home of an evening if I'm such tiresome company that you go to sleep right after dinner!"

"I wasn't going to sleep," replied Mr. Jarr. "Don't you want a fellow to be comfortable?"

"Being comfortable is one thing and being impolite is another," said Mrs. Jarr. "You might at least sit up and talk with me. I'm alone all day and I am alone all evening whether you are in the house or not."

"What shall I talk about?" asked Mr. Jarr, resignedly.

"You used to have plenty to talk about before we were married," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, come over on the sofa, then, and let us discuss matters like we used to before we were married," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Don't be silly! You used to sit on the sofa as cross as a bear and wouldn't say a word all evening sometimes simply because you'd seen me speaking to some one else."

"I'm the soul of good nature now, and you never, never speak to any other man," remarked Mr. Jarr, with a grin. "All men but me have the privilege of running."

"You have the privilege too, if that is all you care about it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I might have known you didn't want to spend the evening with me. As soon as you have your supper you go out on some excuse or another and I see no more of you. When you do stay at home it is just like this—you pretend you want to read the papers, and then you lay on the sofa and go to sleep!"

"I'm not going to sleep now."

"I'd rather you would go to sleep than to be so mad because I spoke to you about it that all you are doing is to try to pick a fuss with me so you can have an excuse to go out and play pinochle with your friends."

"I don't want to go out to play pinochle or anything else," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm here to entertain you. What shall I do?"

"Oh, please, don't bother me!"

"Come, that's not nice," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't want to bother you; I want to please you!"

"You don't mean that at all!" replied Mrs. Jarr, half relenting. "Of course, I know it's better to have one's husband at home, even if he simply makes a snoring place of it after supper, than to have him out with goodness knows who; but at the same time, it does hurt a woman's feelings to find that her husband has no pleasure in her company, so that what she says or does is of no interest to him, and he falls asleep while she's talking to him!"

"But I'm not falling asleep. I'm very wide awake. I was going to read for a little while."

"You know it ruins one's eyes to read while lying down," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wouldn't go to sleep in your company for anything in the world. Not if I hadn't had any sleep in weeks!"

"Gee!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "What can I do to please you?"

"You might read to me. You used to read to me," said Mrs. Jarr. "We used to read Tennyson together—'Maud' and 'Enoch Arden'; don't you remember?"

"To be sure I do!" replied Mr. Jarr. "You'd read one page and then I'd read another. Do you want to read Tennyson?"

"Oh, never mind Tennyson; that's for young folks," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm glad enough to know what's going on in the real world and I never get a chance to look at the papers. Read the papers to me; there's a very interesting divorce case that I want you to read to me."

And Mr. Jarr started in on the divorce story. He was half way through when a peculiar sound from Mrs. Jarr caused him to stop.

"Here," he said, "if it's going to get you excited like that"—Then he looked up.

Mrs. Jarr was fast asleep in the rocking chair.

What Woman Owes to Woman

— By Sophie Irene Loeb —

THE Public Forum's Prison Committee demands "scientific" treatment for "the women who form the bulk of the Women's Night Court." Its Chairman, Mrs. Moscowitz, declares that "the combined judgment of a doctor, a psychologist and a sociologist would solve the problem." She says:

"These women's lives form an endless chain—from street to court room, to prison and back again to the street. They are not even considered human beings in need of help."

The last sentence is the most significant of all. What these women need more than anything else is the support of their own sex. Many a woman lands in the Night Court only because of woman's inhumanity to woman; only because the sympathy and help and encouragement were withheld the moment she needed it most.

Not long since a woman wrote me out of the bitterness of her heart. She told a story that rang true. She was a young girl living in the suburbs of New York. Her youthful spirit longed for gayeties and pleasure that were denied her.

At last she stole away from home. She attempted to get work where she could see "something of life." She fell in with companions who, like herself, longed for levity and excitement. Before she knew it she found herself in the Night Court. She received a suspended sentence. And when she left the court room a great realization of the way in which she was going came over her.

It frightened her and she resolved to retrace her steps. She went home—back to the quiet suburb, intending to "begin all over again."

The folks at home received her with disdain, with jeers and rebuke. She determined to take her medicine and bore with it. Yet, as days went by, life became intolerable for her.

People would not forget—especially the female members of the family. They constantly chided her; and when she ventured an opinion on any question they regarded her as "beneath them" and unworthy. It seems they could not receive her on their own plane again. So the woman went back to the city companions—those who had no "dignity" and "family honor" to uphold. At least, they did not make her miserable by "looking down" on her.

Later on a good man came along and married the girl. He found the best in her and encouraged it. He put a stone wall of forgiveness between her and her past transgressions. She is now a happy wife and mother, and cries out to all women in a plea of prevention—prevention of misery and sorrow and shame. It is timely.

No woman dare brush aside her skirts at an erring sister. He suspicious of the prude who is too proud to reach down and give the helping hand to her who needs it. I wish some women could only see the sorrow they inflict by their cold shoulder of disapproval that often directs the way to destruction.

How many women are indifferent to their neighbor's daughter who has slightly swerved from the path in which she should have gone, when but a smile, a gracious word to the wayward one might have worked wonders! Only loss comes from condemnation. The big woman is she who condones the offense and stands by her who is weak and tempted and perhaps young.

Every woman can be a salvation army in herself, if she but extend the humane treatment at the psychological time. It is Mother Nature's way.

It rarely fails to doctor all ills.

Everyday Perplexities.

By Andre Dupont

Remembering Faces.

HOW often you hear people say, "Oh, I never can remember faces, it's no use for me to try. I am always offending some one I have met by passing him by without even a bow, because my memory is so bad I didn't know him from Adam."

And yet these same people do not seem to realize that this kind of memory, the lack of which they deplore, can and should be cultivated. Once upon a time I used to be a great offender in this respect, until it dawned upon me that I was fast making myself very unpopular by my heedlessness. And so I took measures to correct it. Perhaps what helped me will help you.

I decided that the chief reason why most of us forget both names and faces is indifference. We do not pay sufficient attention to what we are doing. Nowadays, whenever I meet anybody I study his or her features while I am conversing; not noticeably, of course, but in such a manner as to fix them on my mind. If there is any little peculiarity I make a mental note of that. And I try (if I can do so without making it conspicuous) to repeat the name several times in the course of my remarks. And when I have done this I usually find that both name and face return at once to my memory when next we meet, even if some time has elapsed.

One of the cleverest people in this respect that I have ever met goes much further than this, for he always remembers some little personal point of interest also. By this trick he has made himself extremely popular, for he appears keenly interested in everybody he meets. For instance, if he meets some one whom perhaps he has not seen for six months he always recollects something that was told at the last conversation. For example, suppose he is greeting a woman. "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Blank," he will say. "Did you enjoy the trip to Bermuda that you were thinking of taking the last time I saw you?"

Now Mrs. Blank, if she is at all like the average specimen of humanity, cannot help but be greatly flattered by this. For it is but human nature to be pleased by intelligent interest in our concerns. Nine chances out of ten she goes about saying that Mr. So-and-So is an exceedingly agreeable man. And so perhaps many people have their attention drawn to a quality which they might have otherwise overlooked and the canny gentleman's popularity grows. This sounds very easy when it is dissected in such a way. But it is not quite as simple as it seems, and only men and women who are clever socially ever think of it.

This very quality of remembering names, faces and something about the person has been an invaluable asset to many famous men. It is said of Napoleon that he could call all his old soldiers by name and that being recognized by the "Little Corporal" was more valued than a decoration by all who served under him. History says that Julius Caesar cultivated the same gift and knew all his legionaires by name. Many of the most popular officers in the armies now fighting in Europe do the same thing.

None of us, even the most modest, are so humble minded that we really enjoy being forgotten. Every one of us resents the fact.

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

She Sighs to Be a "Lady," but Decides It Isn't Chic.

"I WANT to be a LADY!" announced the Widow, glancing in the mirror with a pout of disapproval at the reflection of her piquant face and frivolous picture hat.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the Bachelor, looking up from his dinner-card with shocked surprise. "Have you been deceiving me? Aren't you a 'lady'—or are you only disguised?"——

"Of course I'm a well-bred woman, Mr. Weatherby, in the modern sense—I suppose," answered the Widow. "But I want to be a 'lady,' in the 1830 sense; not a 'smart' person, nor a 'chic' woman, nor 'clever,' nor 'polished,' but a 'lady'—the kind every little girl dreams of being, and every little boy dreams of marrying, when they grow up; the kind that wears black velvet and old lace and lavender chiffon, and has a 'gracious' smile, and 'queenly' manners, and soft, white hands, and prejudices, and illusions, and reserve, and dignity, and—and all those fascinating things!"

"Great Scott!" protested the Bachelor, "what on earth would you DO with prejudices, and illusions, and manners, and dignity, if you had 'em! They don't go with your clothes, nor match your hats, nor your complexion, nor the dimple in your chin. They aren't entertaining, nor chic, nor comme il faut, nor"——

It Takes Too Much Time; and, Besides——

"NOR, in short, NEW YORK!" interrupted the Widow, with a shrug of finality. "And I'm a New Yorker, and must do as the New Yorkers do, you mean. 'Bring me the rouge pot, and anoint me with patchouli and brilliantine! Cover me with poudre de ris, and array me in my shortest skirt, and my red geranium picture hat. Polish my nails until they resemble butter-pats, and deck me in my near-pearl earrings! Doll me up in diamonds and orchids and tint my hair according to the fashions! For, lo, if I neglect myself, then will everybody neglect me!' Such is the penalty of being a New Yorker!"

"Well," remarked the Bachelor, cheerfully attacking his oysters, "it's worth the penalty!"

"Perhaps," admitted the Widow. "It takes TIME to be a lady. And nobody has time in these days. We're all too busy trying to be scintillating and dazzling and brilliant and—and chic. If a woman doesn't succeed in outshining her granddaughter, she is a 'back number.' If a debutante doesn't succeed in out-dressing a show-girl, she is a 'frump.' If a man doesn't succeed in out-spending a Wall Street magnate, he is a 'failure' or a 'piker!' Or they think they are. We are too busy dressing and massaging and curling, and keeping up with appearances and the latest fads and clubs and teas to take time to think about anything—even love. In the mad rush to be 'chic,' we have forgotten how to be 'ladies.' And it WAS so fascinating—to men! Why, you can 'get away' with more—er, you can accomplish more with a good, thick veneering of manners than with all the 'chicness' and cleverness in the world!"

"Ummm! Indeed!" remarked the Bachelor.

"Yes, 'Indeed!'" retorted the Widow. "A man with the Sir-Walter-Raleigh 'I'll-protect-you-little-woman' manner, and a woman with the 'I'm-a-perfect-lady-and-oh-so-shrinking' manner can simply twist the whole opposite sex around their fingers!"

"But all that sort of thing is passé!" announced the Bachelor scornfully.

"And that's the bogie of the age!" declared the Widow. "The fear of being passe—of being twenty minutes late in the styles, 'in the know,' in the popular eye! We are in too much of a HURRY to stop to cultivate manners—Oh, I wish I had 'manners!'" she broke out despairingly.

"Manners?" repeated the Bachelor absently. "What are 'manners' anyway?"

The Lost Art of Good Manners.

"OH!" and the Widow bubbled with laughter. "It sounded just as though you asked 'What are Yonkers?' Manners, Mr. Weatherby, are simply the most graceful and effective way of doing things. They are the only one of the 1830 fads that we haven't revived. They are obsolete forms. For instance, I wish I could 'enter a room,' instead of just bursting into it. I wish I could 'greet' my friends instead of just hailing them. I wish I could 'sweep down the stairs' instead of rushing down them. I wish I could 'preside' at this table, instead of just flopping about in my chair and leaning half way across it to talk to you. I wish I had a 'vocabulary,' instead of just a jargon of slang and epigrams. I wish I could be polite in the subway and do the 'Alphonse and Gaston'—oh, there I go again! New York has ruined my manners and my English and my point of view!"

"There, there!" murmured the Bachelor soothingly. "It hasn't marred your fascination, anyway. Great Scott!" he added, glancing at his watch. "We're twenty minutes late for the show. If we don't rush, we'll miss the first act!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Widow, dropping her coffee cup, jumping up from her chair and slipping into her wraps before the Bachelor could reach her. "Don't mind me!" she commanded. "Get your check and—oh, HELP me push through this crowd at the door!"

"Don't forget to be 'ladylike!'" the Bachelor called to her, warningly. "Remember that 'manners are simply the most graceful and effective way of doing things.' 'Sweep from the room,' and"——

"I haven't TIME to be a 'lady!' moaned the Widow as she struggled between a fat man and a waiter at the door. "I'm a New Yorker—and 'twenty minutes late!' But I'm CHIC—thank Heaven!" she added sotto voce, catching sight of her sparkling reflection in a mirror.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"THE value of a publication as an advertising medium depends not altogether upon the amount of its circulation," said a heavy advertiser recently, "but upon the percentage of that circulation which constitutes a market for your product. Hence, in considering the claims of media, I require more data than knowledge of its circulation.

"An idea which has worked successfully in our case is to profit by the experience of other advertisers. When, for example, we conclude to experiment in a new field, represented, perhaps, by 20 or 30 trade media, we write to approximately 25 experienced advertisers in the media under consideration, asking them which, in their opinion, constitute the best investment.

"The unanimity of the responses is surprising. Almost invariably nine-tenths of the letters rate the media similarly. Thus, without going to the expense of gradually weeding out the weaker organs, we know that our appropriation is properly placed from the outset.

"That this idea applies to more subjects than advertising is obvious," continued the speaker. "All over this great country, men without sufficient experience are starting in various lines of business. They are sure to make mistakes—often so serious as to result in failure. And not a mile distant, perhaps, is a man who has been over the same road; noted all the pitfalls and warning signs. A series of interviews with the latter might save the former thousands of dollars. And yet how seldom it occurs to a novice to request advice from the man who knows.

"Suppose it's a retail shop. Nine times out of ten the man new to the business overbuys. The experienced man could have warned him against that. Don't think that over-stocking is a minor error which time will remedy. The day the order was signed, the money was lost. To reduce that surplus stock will necessitate a sale at reduced prices, which may mean an actual loss. Or, if you carry the goods on your shelves long enough for them to gradually find a market, you've lost the interest of capital which should have turned several times during that period.

"And so it is with 57 varieties of mistakes. Learn by the other man's experience whenever possible. If you're planning on starting an enterprise involving the investment of a substantial sum of money, get a job with a competitor, if it's only $10 a week. Study his methods; get paid for learning what it has cost him thousands of dollars to discover; then start your own business. You've increased your chances of success several hundred per cent."

Thrift

By Samuel Smiles

(By Permission of Harper & Brothers.)

No. 26—"Money" vs. "Wealth."

MERE money is no indication of prosperity. A man's nature may remain the same. It may even grow more stunted and deformed, while he is doubling his expenditure or adding cent. per cent. to his hoards yearly. It is the same with the mass. The increase of their gains may merely furnish them with increased means for gratifying animal indulgences, unless their moral character keeps pace with their physical advancement. Double the gains of an uneducated, overworked man in a time of prosperity and what is the result? Simply that you have furnished him with the means of eating and drinking more! Thus, not even the material well-being of the population is secured by that condition of things which is defined by political economists as "national prosperity." And so long as the moral elements of the question are ignored, this kind of "prosperity" is, we believe, calculated to produce far more mischievous results than good. It is knowledge and virtue alone that can confer dignity on a man's life; and the growth of such qualities in a nation are the only true marks of its real prosperity; not the infinite manufacture and sale of cotton prints, toys, hardware and crockery.